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An Evening at GODs

Stephen King

A one minit play, 1990

DARK STAGE. Then a spotlight hits a papier-mache globe, spinning all by itself in the middle of darkness. Little by little, the stage lights COME UP, and we see a bare-stage representation of a living room: an easy chair with a table beside it (there's an open bottle of beer on the table), and a console TV across the room. There's a picnic cooler-full of beer under the table. Also, a great many empties. GOD is

feeling pretty good. At stage left, there's a door.

GOD – a big guy with a white beard – is sitting in the chair, alternately reading a book (When Bad Things Happen to Good People) and watching the tube. He has to crane whenever he wants to look at the set, because the floating globe (actually hung on a length of string, I imagine) is in his line of vision.

There's a sitcom on TV. Every now and then GOD chuckles along with the laugh-track.

There is a knock at the door.

GOD (big amplified voice)

Come in! Verily, it is open unto you!

The door opens. In comes ST. PETER, dressed in a snazzy white robe. He's also carrying a briefcase.

GOD

Peter! I thought you were on vacation!

ST. PETER

Leaving in half an hour, but I thought I'd bring the papers for you to sign.

How are you, GOD?

GOD

Better. I should know better than to eat those chili peppers. They burn me at both ends. Are those the letters of transmission from hell?

ST. PETER

Yes, finally. Thank GOD. Excuse the pun.

He removes some papers from his briefcase. GOD scans them, then holds out his hand impatiently, ST PETER has been looking at the floating globe. He looks back, sees GOD is waiting, and puts a pen in his out-stretched hand. GOD scribbles his signature. As he does, ST. PETER goes back to gazing at the globe.

ST. PETER

So Earth's still there, Huh? After All these years.

GOD hands the papers back and looks up at it. His gaze is rather irritated.

GOD

Yes, the housekeeper is the most forgetful bitch in the universe.

An EXPLOSION OF LAUGHTER from the TV. GOD cranes to see.

Too late.

GOD

Damm, was that Alan Alda?

ST. PETER

It may have been, sir – I really couldn't see.

GOD

Me, either.

He leans forward and crushes the floating globe to powder.

GOD (inmensely satisfied)

There. Been meaning to do that for a long time. Now I can see the

TV..

ST. PETER looks sadly at the crushed remains of the earth.

ST. PETER

Umm... I believe that was alan Alda's world, GOD.

GOD

So? (Chuckles at the TV) Robin Williams! I LOVE Robin Williams!

ST. PETER

I believe both Alda and Williams Were on it when you..umm...passed Judgement, sir.

GOD

Oh, I've got all the videotapes. No problem. Want a beer?

As ST. PETER takes one, the stage-lights begin to dim. A spotlight come up on the remains on the globe.

ST. PETER

I actually sort of liked that one, GOD – Earth, I mean.

GOD

It wasn't bad, but there's more where that came from. Now – let's Drink to your vacation!

They are just shadows in the dimness now, although it's a little easier to see GOD, because there's a faint nimbus of light around his head. They clink bottles. A roar of laughter from the TV.

GOD

Look! It's Richard Pryor! That guy kills me! I suppose he was...

ST. PETER

Ummm... yessir.

GOD

Shit. (Pause) Maybe I better cut Down on my drinking. (Pause) Still... It WAS in the way.

Fade to black, except for the spotlight on the ruins of the floating globe.

ST. PETER

Yessir.

GOD (muttering)

My son got back, didn't he?

ST. PETER

Yessir, some time ago.

GOD

Good. Everything's hunky-dory, then.

THE SPOTLIGHT GOES OUT.

(Author's note: GOD'S VOICE should be as loud as possible.)